

"Oh! that is from Park—my dear friend." After a little silence, he murmured, "I wish I could bear it."

"Shall I read it to you?" asked Leoline.

"Oh! if you please," he said, smiling faintly; "but stop; it is not sealed with black!"

"No; the seal is a beautiful crimson," said Leoline, breaking it, her heart swelling with love and joy.

"How much your voice reminds me—" murmured Van Alstyne, his words sank into a whisper.

The gray shadows were melting into a soft, yet uncertain light, as Leoline prepared to read. She trimmed another lamp, and changing her voice slightly, she commenced as follows:

MY DEAR VAN ALSTYNE:—No letter from you this week, and I am almost ill with apprehension. I have done everything to divert my mind from the fears attendant upon your silence. Your letters are laid—*or*, in fact, any letters addressed to us, (and melancholy few and drearily far between they come,) under a large flat stone, which I call friendship's altar, about half a mile from here. There we keep a furnace of charcoal, a pot of vinegar, a tin full of tar, and the dicken knows what else; and our fumigating scenes are inexplicably funny, for there never was such a scared old fellow as our butler. He takes a pair of the longest and oddest fashioned tongs to be had in town (they belong to old Squire Hutchins,) and he picks the letters up one by one, and holds them over the tar and over charcoal, till I get so impatient, I should like to hold him over them by the same means, and then dips the letters in the vinegar, which come up all dripping, and in every questionable state of decoloration. I have not accompanied him this morning, on purpose to write to you; six times I have run to the window, even while writing these few lines, and yonder comes our old man, and—no letter from you. Alas, alas! what can the matter be? but I *will* not think you are sick—oh, Van Alstyne, why did you not come out here with us? Come now; fly to this sweet retreat. The autumn woods are beautiful, ripe peaches hang on our trees, and blushing apples; the beech-oaks and the walnuts stand in solid pyramid from the base to the point of our splendid hill, just opposite the house; the magnolias still blossom, their snow-like globes brimming with beauty; oh, Van Alstyne, why are you not here? I could not sleep last night for thinking of you.

I have a strange story to tell. One night last week—I think it was Monday—I was called out from the sitting-room. A woman in black met me in the garden. I was fearful of infection, but when she lifted her veil, displaying the features of Mother Kurstegan, I forgot all peril. Of course, my first question was of Lena.

[The voice of the reader failed—but with a strong effort she conquered her emotion, and continued:]

"I have brought her here, and you shall see her on two conditions," she said. "First, you are to ask no questions—second, you are not to detain her a moment beyond my pleasure; if you do, so sure will I bring the plague upon you."

Her eye burned redly; her face (it must have been handsome once) was full of fire; I did feel a momentary dread of the woman, but my heart was yearning to see my little darling, and I promised. She was gone for full five minutes; she brought Lena, but oh, Van Alstyne, what a change! Mournful, pale, trembling, her great eyes swimming in tears she seemed afraid to let fall.

"Don't read if it troubles you," murmured the weak voice behind the curtains.

He did not see the struggles for composure, the heaving chest, the blinded eyes, the quivering fingers; did not hear the long-drawn, yet silent sigh.

"Her locks shortened, her arms white and thin," resumed Leoline, gathering the letter closer to the light—Van Alstyne, my heart choked me; I held her to my bosom, and thought I would fly with her to my mother, but the remembrance of my promise restrained me. Van Alstyne, when I think of the suffering of that dear child, I want to live; I want her to live, that she may yet know the delights of a happy home. It was like tearing soul and body apart to give her up, but she seemed to have been schooled into submission; and, dear one! she seemed so happy only to have seen me. But, Van Alstyne, as the Indian turned to go, she made this remark:

"The eagle had pity on the bird, and learned to love the bird; the eagle may be torn in pieces, but the bird will live, and go back to its golden cage, and sing all its life."

Was not this strange? I hope the Indian has not returned to that frightful city with my darling—may God spare her life!

"Bring out your dead!"

The hoarse cry sounded above Leoline's voice. She paused; there came a tread of shuffling feet, of smothered whispers in the next room; a brushing past the closed door; muffled footsteps down the stairs; a low, coarse laugh; the closing of the street door; a heavy rumbling of wheels; and there was silence abated not break. The post-cart had borne away the corpse of Le Vaughn.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RECOMPENSE.

The plague was over. On the 15th of October there was a heavy rain, the clouds burst asunder, and the hot, panting, fever-stricken city arose out of its calamity, and put on fresh garments. From that day the sickness diminished, the cooling winds swept the close air of death from the grass-grown streets, and a new vitality arose from the ashes of destruction. First might be seen one or two shops opened in some deserted quarter of the city: occasionally a cart was driven from street to street; a solitary hammer smote the silence; one house after another gave signs of occupation; presently more stores were opened; carriages deposited their inmates at the hotels; boats rowed about the river; vessels spread their white sails; and before many weeks the streets were thronged, the carriages driving, the places of public amusement filled, and the hum and stir of business and domestic life made music where the awful silence of the plague had ruled. Doctor Angell had taken the fever, and had

narrowly escaped with his life. To Mrs. Alstyne the season had been one of terror, though God had sent a baby to her heart; but this, absorbing gift as it was, did not prevent her mind from dwelling on the perils to which her husband, by his noble devotion to humanity, exposed his life daily. But when she received him af from the mouth of the grave, leaned once more upon his bosom, and felt the blessed thrill of his fervent kiss, the anguish of the past was all forgotten. And Chip! how she welcomed her! How she thanked God, with tears and fervency, that the peculiar suffering to which she had been exposed was forever past!

Van Alstyne did not answer; they were just turning the corner where stood the old Hantz house.

"See, the door is open," said Park, touching it with his finger, "let's go in, nobody lives there now."

Van Alstyne gladly acceded. A secret longing to enter and look in silence and loneliness upon the walls within which he had spent the golden hours of his life, and more than once possessed him. For Leoline's strange silence he could not account; since his sickness she had been invisible, and even Quaker John, when appealed to, waived the subject and bade him wait; so he had waited till patience was gone, and the gloom of doubt had made him at last, desponding and unhappy. They had ascended the stairs—gained the room to which Van Alstyne led the way, when a low murmur arrested the attention of both. The manner in which the open door stood, enabled them to see the Quaker's forewoman upon her knees, one arm about the boy Nick, talking fondly and earnestly to him, while, with red cheeks and a boyish bashfulness, gazed in her face. The voice was low—the words were undistinguishable, but they seemed to leap from a passionate and long smothered love. She pressed back his locks, and gently kissed him on his forehead—then, as if she could no longer restrain her feelings, caught him to her bosom, and rained kisses upon his brow, cheek and lips, before he could disengage himself from her embrace. Suddenly starting at sounds of a footstep, she sprang to her feet, and with a voice of alarm cried,

"Who is there?"

Park retreated, but Van Alstyne, whispering, "We will not be to listeners," advanced, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam, we came up to look over the old house, never for a moment imagining we should find it occupied."

The woman had grown pale; she calmly accepted his apology, and still was silent.

"Pardon me, madam," Van Alstyne said, again approaching her with much agitation; "will you not give me some information concerning the lady who formerly occupied these rooms? I promise you, on the honor of a gentleman, I will not abuse your confidence; it is of the greatest importance that I should see her before I leave this city—perhaps never to return."

"You shall see her," murmured Leoline, turning to go in the little room adjoining, and shutting the door.

Van Alstyne grew white.

"What does it mean?" whispered Park—*if it should be I*! and he started as the thought broke upon him, "amazement! what if the Quaker's forewoman should be Leoline, after all?"

The door opened again, and it was Leoline's self who entered, pale, sweetly beautiful, garbed in black, and advancing towards Van Alstyne, she said,

"No longer the Quaker's forewoman, but simple Leoline, now and forever."

Van Alstyne clasped her outstretched hand in both of his, but his great emotion would not let him speak.

Park stood by, bashful, yet smiling, as many past occurrences, meetings and gatherings rushed through his mind. At last Van Alstyne broke the silence, exclaiming,

"Can it be possible? Can transformation be so complete? Leoline, you astonish me. I am bewildered beyond expression. I believed it impossible!"

"For women to keep secrets?" suggested Park, roughly.

"No—I did not mean—I was not going to say that; but then the skill! the admirable self-possession—I am just astounded—but so happy! so very happy."

"Perhaps," said Leoline, checking his rapture, "we had all better return to the house; it is chilly here. Come," and she held out her hand to Nick, who, apparently fascinated by the beautiful woman, put his hand confidently within her clasps.

"I am his guardian," whispered Van Alstyne, impulsively; (Park had hurried on before them) then noting the flush and extreme emotion of his new-found love, he added—*Dearest, you are as holy in my eyes as an angel. Forget the past—I beseech you let neither of us abide to it, however distantly. I should have died, Leoline."*

She gave him one grateful look; tears were in her eyes, tears of rapture, of perfect happiness. She had found rest. She had tried him—his patience—his truth—his nobleness—and he was great in all. This stoned for the cloud that had ever rested on her life—her heart-breaking griefs—her sorrow, borne under the deepest sense of injury a woman can possibly feel.

She entered the parlor, modestly clinging to Van Alstyne's arm.

"I see—it all right," said the doctor, "all I have to say is, remember me."

"My mother has known it from the first," said Park, proudly, to Van Alstyne; "but she has been working for you all the time. Oh! Van Alstyne—the night you drove home with the ancient dame—it chokes me to think of it. Oh! Van Alstyne! the many times you have met—and parted—and shaken hands, and all that sort of thing; I declare the whole matter in retrospect is the funniest thing in the world."

"Except her watching over me when I was almost dying of the plague," suggested the professor, gravely.

"Well, she is a splendid woman!" said Park; "and now, Van Alstyne, you'll be married, and settle down; and I'm going to college, to stay four years—then shall return—marry Lena—she'll be sixteen, and we're engaged," he added, demurely; "sure as you live," he continued, seeing a smile on the face of the professor; "Lena's little, but she knows enough to love me. Do you notice how subdued she is how quiet, thoughtful and womanly!"

Van Alstyne assented, but he scarcely heard, although he listened, his mind was so much occupied with his own happiness.

"I am happy at the prospect of still being with you," replied Van Alstyne, smiling a little sadly, "but to tell the truth, no news gives me much joy."

The scene closes, and we take a last look at

"Van Alstyne, what makes you so gloomy?" inquired Park, taking his friend's arm. "Is it the loss of poor Le Vaughn, or any dear friend? Is it your ill-health since the fever? It grieves me to see you unhappy."

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The scene closes, and we take a last look at

"Van Alstyne and Leoline, Nick, the good doctor and his wife, our sweet little Chip, now Lena Le Vaughn, and to be the wife of Park Dinsmore; Quaker John, the benevolent and pitiful; his gentle sister; Mrs. Dinsmore and her pictures; old father and steady old mother. We look away into the handsome cottage on the outskirts of the city, to take a last glance at Mast's honest features, as she sits in her own 'boughten' home; and we see the homely inn, where the wife and baby of bald-headed Job are still crying in concert—and catch a glimpse of the redoubtable Snackin, hanging out her clothes, as she shouts with depression, before they be killed by consumption.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, AUGUST 1, 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance—served in the city by Caius—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family, all may

New Publications.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSES, By THOMAS BUTLER GUNN, (MASON Brothers, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.) is an entire broadside of squalid and satire. It is the work of a person who, very evidently has had experiences, since the book, though in many respects a caricature, has yet lineaments of truth which only personal observation could have supplied. The various kinds of boarding houses are shown up, with the most ludicrous success, the general effect of the descriptions being much heightened by a series of funny and felicitous engravings which illustrate the letter press. We are favored with comical views of the Private Family Boarding House, the Cheap Boarding House, the Fashionable Boarding House where you don't get enough to eat, the Dirty Boarding House, the Medical Students' Boarding House, the Tip-Top, the Hand-to-Mouth, and a number of others which will come home to all men familiar with those barracks of civilization at which so many of us are compelled to find quarters.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of JOHN G. WHITTIER (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Phila.) are now bound up in two little blue and gold volumes, clearly printed, and embellished with a portrait of the poet. It is needless to say anything of poems which have had such a wide circulation, and have won respect and admiration everywhere—even from those who most dissent from the poet's views and principles. Whittier cannot now receive full appreciation, but he is one of those to whom, in Lord Bacon's phrase, "Death opens the gates of a good fame." He has a great niche and a great statue in the Future.

STORIES FOR THE STRAWBERRY PARTY, by Thrice Talmon, (French & Co., Boston,) is the title of a little gift-book for children, simple, pleasant, and thoughtful in character. The author is a lady whose *nom de plume* begins to be familiar to the readers of various publications, and has, at least once, graced a column of the *Post*.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, for July, edited by Isaac Hays, M.D., is full of valuable matter, and may be had of Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, Phila.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 9th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post: The new elections necessitated by the insufficiency of the majorities obtained in three of the wards of Paris a week ago, have resulted in the election of three opposition-candidates, Gen. Cavagnac, M. Varin, and M. Darman. Oddly enough, these members are now elected, through the casting of a larger number of votes in their favor, but by the abstinence of a considerable number of the electors who, last week, voted for the government, but who appear not to have been willing to give themselves the trouble to go a second time to the polls.

A FINE HUMBUG. A certain Doctor Vries, residing in one of the handsomest streets of this gay city, conceives himself to be divinely commissioned for putting an end to the reign of Evil, and bringing in at once the "better time" so long in coming. This gentleman, who states himself to be "the son of a Protestant father and a Pagan mother," professes to have received various messages from Heaven in the shape of visions, calling on him to save the world, once and for all, by the erection of the mystic Temple of Marble described by Ezekiel, in which all tribes, tongues, and religions will be melted into one harmonious faith, worship, and life. This peace-giving structure is to be built in the Champs Elysées, just opposite the Palace of Industry; and the Doctor has offered "to the competition of all the artists of the universe," a prize of \$500, and a gold medal for the best plan for its construction; artists being at liberty to choose any order of architecture they think proper, pure Greek, Tuscan, Byzantine, Moorish, Gothic, Anglo Norman, provided they draw their inspirations from the perusal of Solomon and Ezekiel, and do not forget that it is a sacred edifice they are called to a secret, this "Incovert" is apt to be rather transparent; the principal advantage reaped by those who endeavor thus to shield themselves from public curiosity, being a comparative immunity from the triumphal arches, and proxy speeches of official welcomes at railway stations.

This reminds me of an incident in the journey of the Emperor Joseph II., when on his way to Paris, passing through Stuttgart, was invited by the Grand-Duke of Wurtemburg to alight at the ducal palace. The Emperor replied that he was travelling incognito, and should put up at an inn. On this, the Grand-Duke ordered all the hotel-keepers of Stuttgart to take down their signs, and caused an immense sign, with the words *Hotel de l'Empereur*, to be placed over the palace. The Emperor was so much amused at this ingenious idea, that he was fain to alight there, though he could hardly have done otherwise, no other sign being visible. He was received at the door by the Duke of Wurtemburg in the costume of a *maître d'hôtel*, white waistcoat, white apron, and cap in hand. All the domestics of the palace had laid aside the royal livery, and the highest personages of the little State were arrayed as cook, footmen, valets de chambre, butlers, and majordomos; the ladies of these *grand seigneurs*, had exchanged their plumes and trains for the short petticoat and white caps and aprons of the maid servants or a well-ordered inn. The Emperor greatly enjoyed this masquerade, which was kept up throughout his stay, he incognito being strictly respected. When he again got into his carriage he offered his thanks to the master of the inn, chucked the prettiest of chambermaids under the chin, and seeing that his postilion was a thin old fellow, with well-worn leather trousers, dirty boots, patched waistcoat, and enormous rough cape, made up his mind that he was, at least, being driven away by a genuine postilion. The old postilion whipped up his horses, and whirled the Emperor along with the skill of a most accomplished master of the road. Greatly delighted with the speed of his journey, and the skill of his driver, the Emperor remarked to his attendants that he should give the old fellow a famous "drink-money," adding, "I should like to see one of our fine margraves in the place of this honest old whip."

Arrived at the next relay, the Emperor ordered the postilion to be sent for when his attendants were obliged to inform him that his postilion was no other than the Prince of —, who had wished to have the pleasure of driving the Imperial visitor with the most magnificent horses of his stud.

A DESCENT INTO THE CATACOMBS.

The following thrilling account of a descent into the Catacombs is from William C. Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia."

The descent into the cavern was by sitting on the edge, swinging off with one hand on each side of the hole, and dropping into the depths below, where a soft bed of sand received us, in a chamber just large enough to hold the eight persons of whom the party consisted—all standing in a stooping posture, while we lighted our candles and arranged for progress. I tossed my tarboche and took up to Abd-el-Atti, and left my head bare. Then—following the principal guide, I lay down flat on my face, holding my candle before me, and began to advance with as close a resemblance to a snake's motion as human vertebrates will admit. My own guide and Abdallah followed me; the English gentleman next, and the dragoman and guide bringing up the rear. I progressed slowly and with great difficulty, constantly bruising my back on the sharp points of the rock above me; some five or six yards. Legh calls it eight; but I think it is not so much. We were now able to stand up again in stooping posture, the ceiling being a little over four feet high, and thus advanced eight or ten yards further, until we reached the chamber of which Mr. Legh speaks.

I am of the opinion that we had now arrived just under the bed of the torrent I have spoken of; and that the entire cavern which I afterwards explored is a natural fissure in the rock running under this point of meeting of two hills, and following the line of the valley between them. This is, of course, a conjecture, as I did not take a compass with me to determine the course.

Mr. Docteur Vries is requested to accept this portrait, which will remind him of the features of one who, given over by all the doctors, owes her life to him, and drinks to his health from an ever-full cup.

—HELENE ANDRINOFF,

"First danseuse of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg."

THE HUMBUG'S CLIMAX.

The "triumphal march" announced in the *feête* did not take place, apparently because the Masonic and Clerical bodies have not converted themselves to the ideas of Dr. Vries as fast as he had expected, and were consequently elsewhere on that occasion; but, at midnight, a picture was brought in, representing the future temple. The founder, to whom the English tongue appears very familiar, next exposed his ideas in that language, in very good style; and his speech was then translated into French by M. Jeunesse, well-known here as formerly one of the principal editors of the *Assemblée Nationale*. After this discourse, the guests adjourned to the supper room, filled with the richest exotic flowers and shrubs, where a splendid refraction was laid out, and where everybody performed the agreeable ceremony of drinking to the construction of the Marble Temple. A fine orchestra, established in the principal saloon, executed various symphonies during the evening. In his prospects of eight folio pages, very neatly got up, now before me, Dr. Vries promises to give a description of the city of Symnura, and of the horrible magnificence of the palace of the Prince of Darkness, or Symnura; to tell why a vision of darkness led Nicholas to attack the Holy Land, and why a vision of an Archangel of Light led the Sovereign of the French to protect it, with a long rhapsody of similar "descriptions," showing how Paris is to become the New Jerusalem, and the world to be converted to perfection by the Marble Temple to be built in its midst.

A ROYAL HOTEL-KEEPER.

Several of the emperors, kings, and queens, seemingly tired of the wearisome etiquette they have inherited from their forefathers, are journeying about Europe "incovert." But as the approach of such visitors can scarcely be kept a secret, this "Incovert" is apt to be rather transparent; the principal advantage reaped by those who endeavor thus to shield themselves from public curiosity, being a comparative immunity from the triumphal arches, and proxy speeches of official welcomes at railway stations.

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QUANTUM.

A fashionable city lady, whilst in the country a short time since, inquired, "What are those animals with powder-horns growing out of their ears?" as though it were not general for a female to know a cow!

The guides were all at fault here, precisely

as they were in Mr. Legh's time, and that of every traveller since. This chamber has been the end of most attempts to explore the pits.—

The intense darkness is some excuse for this, since our eight candles wholly failed to show a wall anywhere around or above us. The men proposed that we should sit still, while they tried various passages opening out of the room. To this I objected, much preferring to trust myself at a juncture like this. In that intense blackness it was not easy even to find the way we had come in—for, of course, there was no guide north or south, except my recollection of the shape of the rock on which I was seated, and its bearings as I approached it. The reader will bear in mind that the whole floor of the room was covered with immense masses of rock, among which we moved about in search of tunnels, leaving always one person on that rock to mark its locality.

After trying three passages that led nowhere, I hit on that one which the guides pronounced correct, and the party advanced. For the benefit of future explorers, if any such there be, I may explain that it is the first passage that goes out of the chamber to the right as you enter it. That is to say, keeping the right hand wall will bring you to it, leaping a chasm as its entrance. This is the chasm of which Legh speaks. I found it only about six feet deep.

The passage which we now entered ran so low that I found it necessary to creep on my hands and knees, and sometimes to crawl, snake fashion, full length. It continued for a distance that I hesitate to estimate. It is wholly impossible to guess at the progress one makes in such postures. Henneker, I think, makes four hundred yards. I should think a thousand feet was a very large estimate, but it may be as much. The air was now worse, lacking the ammonia. It seemed to be pure nitrogen. The lungs operated freely, but took no benefit or refreshment from it, while the heat was awful, and perspiration rolled down our faces and bodies, soaking our clothes, and making mud on our features and hands with the fine dust that filled the atmosphere.

At length the passage became so narrow, that my progress was entirely blocked. My broad shoulders would not go through, and I paused to consider the matter. The hole was about eighteen inches wide, and a little more than two feet high. Evidently, Mr. Legh did not pass beyond this. I was obliged to lay over on my right side, presenting my body to its narrow way up and down, and pushing with all the strength of my feet as well as pulling with my hands on the floor and rocky projections, I forced myself along about eight feet. In this struggle my brandy flask, which was in my trowsers pocket, being under me, was broken to pieces, and my sole hope, in the event of a giving out of my faculties, was gone. At the time I thought little of it, laughing at the occurrence as I called out to those that followed me; but afterwards I remembered the accident with a shudder. The only argument that had allowed me to persuade myself to attempt this exploration was a promise that I should take brandy with me, which no one else had done, and if necessary, secure artificial strength thereby. It was gone now, and I was more than a thousand feet from light and air, in a passage that did not average four feet by two its entire length.

A vigorous push sent me out into a more open passage, a sort of doorway opened into a gallery a level two feet lower. Jumping down this step I was, for the first time in nearly a half hour, where I could stand upright. My English friend shouted for help behind me. His light was gone out, and he was literally stuck in the hole. I returned, touched my candle to his, and gave him a hand to drag him through, and in a few moments we were all standing together. We now advanced some hundred feet, perhaps three, perhaps five hundred feet, in a stooping posture mostly, but occasionally crawling as before, and at length, as we crept, the rough and very low parts of the gallery and the roof began to lift, and I found I was actually crawling over mummies. There was just here a sort of blind passage, at the side of the chief passage, in which the French expedition had carved their names. The wall was covered with a jet black substance, like the purples lamp black, which the point of a knife would scrape off, exposing the white rock. Numerous stalactites hung from the ceiling, all jet black, and some grotesque stalagmites at the sides of the passage startled me at first with the idea that they were sculptures. This black, sooty matter I cannot account for, unless it be exhalations in ancient times from the crocodiles which were laid here, for we were at last in the depositary.

The floor was covered with crocodile bones and mummy cloths. A spark of fire falling into them would have made this a veritable hell. As this idea was suggested, my English friend, whose experience in the narrow hole had been sufficiently alarming, vanished out of sight. They fairly ran. Having seen the mummies, and seized a few small ones in their hands, they hastened out, and left me with Abdallah and my two guides. Advancing over the mummies and up the hill which they formed, I found that I was in one of the number of large chambers, of the depth of which it was, of course, impossible to get any idea, as they were piled full of mummified crocodiles to the very ceiling. There was no means of estimating the number of them. When I say there were thousands of them, I shall not be thought to exaggerate, after I describe the manner in which they were packed and laid in.

Abdallah!!!

"Ya, Ya, Howdaji."

"If anything happens—if I fall down, give out, or faint, don't you run. Tell the guides that I have ordered Abd-el-Atti to shoot them man by man as they come out, if one of them appears without me. Do you pour this down my throat, and drag me out to the entrance—You understand?"

"Aiowah, Ya, Howdaji. Fear not; I will do it."

"Recollect that if I die, you all die—that is arranged for, as surely as you, one of you, attempt the entrance without me, Abd-el-Atti is ready for you."

The guides had listened attentively, and having seen me hand my pistols to my trusty dragoman before coming down, they believed every word of it, although it never occurred to me until this moment.

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THE GUMPTION OF THE "TIMES."

In the management of newspapers a large field is open for the display of gumption, and the possession of it has been the secret by which a very few have accumulated fortunes while floating on the sickle and uncertain sea of newspaperdom. A quick mind to perceive the necessities of the public, and even to anticipate them, ready gumption which enables a publisher to avoid the commission of errors or to extricate himself speedily from a false position are indispensable. A single error in judgment has proved fatal to some newspapers. An illustration of how gumption is quick at discerning consequences was once related to us. The pressure of advertising was so great upon the columns of the London Times, that the proprietors held a meeting to see what means should be adopted to make it remunerative. They consulted together, and finally concluded to increase the price charged to domestics for advertising places wanted, which in the Times is the source of a very profitable revenue. They were about taking a vote, when the door opened, and the senior proprietor entered, whose counsel they lacked.

"We

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practicing law in Illinois, in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C——, by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me on the defense. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B——, an ex Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose headquarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drunk. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still—he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter its appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. The prosecution opened very bitterly: inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travellers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for defence. Witnesses I had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man entered into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well-dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with the liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol had reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. Earnestly did I plead for them! The woman wept; but the husband did the same; the judge Edged and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had any idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign, before they broke under attachment. Finding I was neck and head bound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand and seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about thirty-five or forty miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C——, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high-string order. They swept past, as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me, asked me to "wet," or, in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going! I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a good stopping place, and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sulky, but in a belt round my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon standing before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips, and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, hailed me as an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so.

"By —, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.



PARTRIDGE-HAWKING IN INDIA.

Hawking is a sport much in vogue in Northern and central India among the nobles and zemindars. In the Madras presidency it is comparatively seldom pursued. Hawks of the best description are not easily procured, and their training is a tedious and difficult process. The engraving represents partridge-hawking with the "Shahen" (one of the best of the long-winged hawks) as pursued in Southern India. It is black, or nearly so, on the head and back, and dark brown on the breast, and one of the swiftest flyers known. The proper time for the sport is early in the morning, just

before and after sunrise. The falconer carries the bird hooded, and with jesses on his legs, on his wrist, which is guarded with a stout leather gauntlet. Beaters are employed to rouse the game. When the call of the partridge is heard, or the bird's whereabouts otherwise discovered, the beaters surround the patch of cover in which it is. The falconer's assistant, with the falcon on his wrist, then stands some 30 or 40 yards distant from him. The falconer holds the lure in his hands, and when he gives the word the assistant unhoods and casts off the bird, which is at once attracted to the falconer

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposefully showing the butt of a Colt which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

"Beware! they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will tell them!"

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What—are you not going on to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I; "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! More whiskey, old gal!" shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old-fashioned, and "lunch-pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife, and pry one from the fore and hind wheels, was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unmercifully left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment, with a shout, they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrid shriek. The wheels were off.—Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—yon'd better believe I "rid"! It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money, and I didn't travel that road any more.

SORE JOKES.—The superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad discharged a conductor belonging to that road. The conductor was asked why he was discharged.

"Well," said he, "I was discharged for giving a free pass."

"What made you such a fool as to give a free pass?"

"Well! you see!" replied the conductor, "I got tired riding alone, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to come along for company."

A collision occurred on one of the roads terminating in the city some time ago. The road in question is celebrated for curvatures. The engineer was thought to be to blame, and accordingly he was taken to task by the superintendent.

"Did you not see the light?" said the superintendent.

"Yes," replied the engineer, "I saw the light, but I thought it was the other end of my train."

Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN SCHOOL.

On this point, Mr. Stowe, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language:—"The youth of both sexes of our Scottish peasantry have been educated together; and, as a whole, the Scotch are the most moral people on the earth. Education in England is given separately, and we never have heard from practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential individuals there mourn over the prejudice on this point. In Dublin, a larger number of girls turned out badly who had been educated alone until they attained the age of maturity, than of those who were otherwise brought up;—the separation of the sexes has thus been found to be injurious. It is stated, on the best authority, that of those girls educated in the schools of convents, apart from boys, the greater majority go wrong within a month after being let loose in society, and meeting the other sex. They cannot, it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral; but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principles desired to be avoided. We may repeat that it is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without boys as with them—and it is impossible to raise boys morally as with girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this—girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with the girls are more positively intellectual, by the softening influence of the female character. In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls, from the age of two or three years to that of fourteen or fifteen, have been trained in the same class-room, galleries, and playgrounds, without inappropriety; and they are never separated, except at needlework."

THE LITERAL INTERPRETATION.—An old woman who lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvellous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before. "What's the news?" "Why, good woman," said he, "the Indians have fixed a crowbar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world." "Oh, mercy, what shall I do?" she said; and away she ran to tell her neighbor of the danger, and inquire of the minister how such a calamity might be averted. "Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed—why we have our Maker's promise that He will not again destroy the world by water." "I know that," returned the old lady, hastily. "He's nothing to do with it—it's them plaguey Indians."

A MOST PALPABLE HIT.—An anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply:

As the Rev. gentleman went, at a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ said His kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote?" said Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

This at once let in a ray of light to the darkened chambers of the officer's cranium which he had never thought of before.

A SWEET MORSEL TWICE EATEN!

Ten years ago, M. V. married in Montreal. He was one of the principal merchants of the city; but by a reverse of fortune he was compelled to suspend payments soon after his marriage. He loved his wife to distraction, to use a common phrase; and the idea of involving her in his disasters greatly afflicted him. After a thousand internal conflicts, M. V. resolved to leave our city without saying anything about it. He wished his departure, or rather his disappearance to remain a mystery. But he had a purpose. "I will go," he resolved, "to Australia, and there mend my fortunes, or die without giving any account of myself."

This resolution taken, our tradesman embarked clandestinely, and eight days after his flight he was not thought of. Madame V. wept, we are fain to suppose; more than this, we will believe she shed torrents of tears, and sought him upon rivers, and in woods, lakes, and caverns, but in vain. M. V. had left to his beautiful but weeping and forlorn wife an income of a hundred pounds, and sailed for Australia. What befell him upon those favored shores we do not well know; but little by little he amassed wealth.

At Montreal they supposed him dead. His wife wept bitterly; and she saw, undoubtedly, that sorrow jaundiced her complexion and dimmed her eyes; therefore she ceased, all sweetly, her role of Niobe. Our Penelope could smile like a young widow of eighteen: the art of needlework is too perfect now; nor are men entangled with it! She was faithful to her wandering husband eighteen long months; but she then did what others might have done in her place. Thinking herself young, she lent her ear to tender proposals; she reviewed her geography of love, confessed to never having studied the map of the tender country; and one fine morning contracted a new marriage. But the first husband! He?—ah, he was dead. What living husband would stay away eighteen months without writing a word? If he was not dead he ought to be—(feminine logic.) She married. Was she happy, or was she not? (Shakespearian question.)

Meantime, the first husband labored in the mines. He acquired, acquired—always acquired. Falling upon an ardent vein, he suddenly obtained a large sum, and had his only motive been the love of gain, would have immediately returned to Montreal. But his dear Louis must eat only from silver, and drink only from gold.

The unfaithful Louisa, as we have already said, was again married. Faith does not save us; M. V. always labored, but an epidemic prevailed; our hero caught the small-pox, and was completely disfigured. Disgusted with Australia, he sold his property, and embarked on an American ship.

During this voyage, the second husband of his wife died with the consumption. M. V. landed at Portland, flew to Montreal, went to the Montreal House, without arousing any suspicion as to who he was. There are people who always love to create surprise, and was one of them. He inquired for Madame V.; no one knew such a person; but M. V. insisted. Finally he was told by some one that she was now the widow S——. M. V. scratched his head. They pointed out to him Madame widow V., afterwards Madame widow S., and he recognized his wife, charming as when he left her. M. V. immediately fell into a brown study. His countenance was grave, sad, very sad, very gloomy; and thus he turned away. M. V. had more spirit than money, and he found it very strange to pay his address to his own wife. But he did it; he courted his own wife for three months. He recognized her; did she recognize him? It is more than we know; we leave the dames who read this to solve the problem. He was introduced with all his pounds, shillings, and pence. People will admire pounds sterling, and dollars federal, and women above all. Though scarce and pitted from head to foot with the small-pox, M. V. won the heart of his wife. They were to exchange the second marriage rings, when M. V. presented to her the same one he had given her at their first espousal. The woman, they say, fainted.—French paper.

PUCK AND I.

BY MIST.

When, in my snug corner curled,
I look out upon the world,
With its follies and conceits,
Its deceptions and its cheats,
Surely Puck and I agree—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
Hard the toll for wealth and fame,
Pierce the strife for place and name;
Each one, reaching for the best,
Losses that before possessed;
And might well exclaim with me,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
There goes one, unlimely old,
Staggering with his weight of gold—
Ab, the wealth he toiled to save
Only drags him to his grave,
Hedged from love or sympathy—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
Yonder climbs a daring wight
Up ambition's rugged height;
He hath gained a slippery seat,
Wounded hands and bleeding feet,
With his lonely majesty—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
Maidens fling the bloom crown
On their gladsome girlhood down,
And around each fair young head
Bind a wreath of briars instead;
Ab, its thorns pierce painfully—
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
Portland Transcript.

PERVERSITY PEDANTY.—It is pedantic and in bad taste, to be always interlarding your conversation with quotations from the poets, or passages from Shakespeare. It betrays a great want of the power of original thinking, and of genius above mediocrity, not to be able to express yourself except in the borrowed words of others. For example, in speaking of some establishment, or even some private family, where matters have become suspicious, instead of saying there is something wrong, literary pedants and their copyists must say, "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark," a phrase which is repeated in one's hearing to perfect safety, and even nausaeas. At another time, instead of saying they were asleep, they will remark that they were under the somniferous influence of "tired Nature's sweet restorer," or that they were enveloped in the "arms of Morphæus." An old writer has aptly ridiculed this lofty and pedantic style of talk, by telling a story of a gentleman who, on going out on a cold day, said to his "tiger," another absurd phrase for a valet—

"Diminutive and my defective slave,
Rest not on earth, but go to bed directly,
Tis thy condescension that vest to have."

Of course, the servant stood aghast at such a speech, not knowing the meaning of one word of it; until, in a voice of thunder, he roared out: "Rascal, go and fetch my cloak!" We know of no parallel to this absurd style of address, but Dr. Pitcairn's mode of asking for snuff, which was as follows: "Permit me to immerse the sumits of my digits in your purlievers utensil, that I may abstract therefrom some nicotian particles, in order to excite a grateful titillation in my olfactory nerves."

"There's a Gude Time Coming."—This,

recalls the following in *Rob Roy*:

"It is long since we met, Mr. Campbell,"

said the Duke.

"It is so, my Lord Duke; I could wish

it had been better," (looking at the fastenings on his arms) "when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace. But there's

a gude time coming."—Notes and Queries.

THE POETRY OF THE SPRING.

At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermillion-flecked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man; and the fancy-quickenèd ear heard sweet, low music from the heart of earth, rejoicing in that time of gladness.

"Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?" said the Hermit. "And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the Splendor! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth

THE MILKING.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She sat amid the clover bloom—
And oh! the milking maid was fair—
The jet-black heifer's shining sides
Were not so shiny as her hair.

The living roses on her cheeks—
Glow'd thar' her loose locks' heavy night,
And like twin stars lost in a storm,
Her dark eyes flashed to meet the light.

Most musically the dairy milk
Through rose, clasping fingers fell,
And from her happy heart her joy
Rang heavenward, like a silver bell.

While from the shining fields of May,
The sweet birds, floating, shook the dew
From throbbing wings, and wildly beat
With song the starry-gated bise.

Half pictured in her bashful air—
Half uttered in her simple lay—
Love's sweet unrest, that makes the woods
Seem heavy with the winds of May.

When all the hills are bleak, showed plain;
And every blossom growing by,
With crimson bosom to the sun,
Found on her cheek a swift reply.

Fast in the wild spring—Above the woods
The filling moon hangs low and white,
And down the fading meadows drift
The windy shadows of the night.

Her weary hands together laid—
For now the milking is all done;
The lovely promise of her life
Far in the distance lies nown.

And birds from out the shining fields
Shall sing to us the meet the dawn;
While low and still the maiden lies
With death's white crown of silence on.

Low, where a bird-song cannot reach,
The shadow of her beauty waits
The angel, who, to save from pain,
Unbarred for her the starry gates.

She dwelleth by the living streams;
For her the amaranth sparkles glow,
Where o'er the golden hills of God
The never-ending summer blos.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE LAST HOURS ON THE TRAIL.

More cautiously than ever, we now crept along the trail, advancing only after the ground had been thoroughly "quartered" by the scouts. Time was of the least consequence. The fresh sign of the Indians told us they were but a short way ahead of us; we could have ridden within sight of them at any moment.

We did not wish to set eyes on them before sunset. It could be no advantage to us to overtake them on the march, but the contrary. Some lagging Indian might be found in the rear of the band; we might come in contact with him, and thus defeat all our designs.

We hung back, therefore, allowing time for the savages to pitch their camp, and for their stragglers to get into it.

On the other hand, I did not desire to arrive later. The council was to be held that night—so she had learned—and after the council would come the crisis. I must be in time for both.

At what hour would the council take place? It might be just after they had halted. The son of a chief, and a chief himself—for the white renegade was a leader of red men—a question between two such men would not remain long undecided. And a question of so much importance—involved such consequence—property to body and soul—possession of the most beautiful woman in the world!

For this very reason, the "trial" would not be delayed; the question would be speedily decided, so that the quarrel of the chiefs might be brought to an end. For this very reason, the crisis might be hastened, the council take place at an early hour; for this very reason, I, too, must needs be upon the spot at an early hour.

It was my aim to arrive within sight of the Indian encampment just before night—in the twilight, if possible—that we might be able to make reconnaissance of the ground before darkness would cover it from our view. We were desirous of acquainting ourselves with the lay of the surrounding country as well, so that, in the event of our escape, we should know which was the best direction to take.

We timed our advance by the sign upon the trail. The keen scouts could tell, almost to a minute, when the latest tracks were made; and by this we were guided. Both glided silently along, their eyes constantly and earnestly turned upon the ground.

Mine were more anxiously bent upon the sky; from that quarter I most feared an obstacle to the execution of my purpose. What change had come over my desires!—how different were they from those of the two preceding nights! The very same aspect of the heavens that had hitherto chagrined and baffled me, would now have been welcome. In my heart, I had lately execrated the clouds; in that same heart I was now praying for cloud, and storm, and darkness!

Now could I have blessed the clouds—there were none to baffle; not a speck appeared over the whole face of the firmament—the eye behold only the illimitable ether.

In another hour, that boundless blue would be studded with millions of bright stars; and, viewed by the light of a resplendent moon—no night would be as day.

I was dismayed at the prospect. I prayed for cloud, and storm, and darkness. Human heart! when blinded by its own petty passions, treacherous and unreasonable; my petition was opposed to the unalterable laws of nature—it could not be heard.

I can scarcely describe how the aspect of that night sky troubled and pained me. The night sky which joys only in deepest darkness, could not have liked it less. Should there be moonlight, the enterprise would be made more perilous—doubtless more. Should there be moonlight—why need I form an hypothesis? Moonlight there would be to a certainty. It was the middle of the lunar month, and the moon would be up almost as the sun went down—full, and, and almost as bright as he, with no need to cover her face—to shroud the earth

from her white diaphanous light. Certainly there would be moonlight!

Well thought of was that disguise—well spent was our labor in making it so perfect. Under the moonlight, to it only could I trust; by it only might I expect to preserve my incognito.

But the eye of the Indian savage is sharp, and his perception keen—almost an instinct itself. I could not rely much upon my borrowed plumes should speech be required from me. Just on account of the cunning imitation, the perfectness of the pattern, some friends of the original might have business with me—might approach and address me. I knew but a few words of Comanche—how should I escape from the colloquy?

Such thoughts were troubling me as we rode along the trail.

Night was near; the sun's lower limb showed on the far horizon of the west; the hour was an anxious one to me.

The scouts had been for some time in the advance without returning to report; and we had halted in a copse to wait for them. A high hill was before us, wooded only at the summit; over this hill the war-trail led. We had observed the scouts go into the timber. We kept our eyes upon the spot, waiting for their return.

Presently one of them appeared just outside the edge of the wood—Garey, we saw it was. He made signs to us to come on.

We rode up the hill, and entered among the trees; here we diverged from the trail. The scout guided us through the trunks over the high summit. On the other side, the wood extended only a little below; but we did not ride beyond it; we halted before coming to its edge, and dismounting, tied our horses to the trees.

We crept forward on our hands and knees till we had reached the utmost verge of the timber; through the leaves we peered, looking down into the plain beyond. We saw smoke and fires, and a skin-lodge in their midst; we saw dark forms around—men moving over the ground, and horses with their heads to the grass; we were looking upon the Comanche camp.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE COMANCHE CAMP.

We had reached our ground just at the moment I had desired. It was twilight—dark enough to render ourselves inconspicuous under the additional shadow of the trees, yet sufficiently clear to allow a full reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Our point of view was a good one—under a single *soup d'œil* commanding the encampment, and a vast extent of country around it. The hill we had climbed—a sort of isolated *bute*—was the only eminence of any considerable elevation for miles around; and the site of the camp was upon the plain that stretched away from its base—apparently beyond limit.

This plain was what is termed a "pecan" prairie—that is, a prairie half-covered with groves, copse, and lists of woodland—in which the predominating tree is the pecan—a species of hickory (*carica oblonga*), bearing an oval, edible nut of commercial value. Between the groves and *motte*s of timber, single trees stood apart, their heads fully developed by the free play given to their branches. These park-looking trees, with the coppice-like groves of the pecan, lent an air of high civilization to the landscape; and a winding stream, whose water, under the still lingering rays, glistened with the sheen of silver, added to the deception.

Within, it was a wilderness—beautiful wilderness. Human hands had never planted those groves—human agency had sought to do with the formation or adornment of that lovely landscape.

Upon the bank of the stream, and about half a mile from the base of the hill, stood the Indian camp. A glance at the position showed well it had been chosen—not so much for defence, as to protect it against a surprise.

Assuming the lodges—there was but one—as the centre of the camp, it was placed upon the edge of a small grove, and fronting the stream.

From the tent to the water's edge, the plain sloped gently downward, like the glaci of a fortification. The smooth sward that covered the space between the trees and the water was the ground of the camp. On this could be seen the dusky warriors, some afoot, some in various attitudes, or moving about; others reclining upon the grass, and still others basking over the fires, as if engaged in the preparation of their evening meal.

A line of spears, regularly placed, marked the allotment of each. These slender shafts, nearly five yards in length, rose tall above the turf, like masts of distant ships, displaying their profusion of pennons and banners, of painted plumes and human hair. At the base of each could be seen the gaudy shield, the bow and quiver, the embroidered pouch and medicine-bag of the owner; and grouped around many of them appeared objects of a far different character—objects that we could not contemplate without acute emotion. They were women; enough of light still ruled the sky to show us their faces; they were white women—the captives. Strange were my sensations as I regarded those forms and faces; but they were far off—even a lover's eye was unequal to the distance.

The design I had formed was to bring my horse as close as possible to the Indian lines;

to leave him under cover, within such a distance as would make it possible to reach him by a run; then mounting with my brother in my arms, to gallop to my comrades. These I had intended should be placed in ambush, as near to the camp as the nature of the ground would permit.

But my preconceived plan was entirely frustrated by the peculiar situation of the Indian encampment. I had anticipated that there would be either trees, brushwood, or broken ground in its neighborhood, under shelter of which we might approach. To my chagrin, there was none of the three. There was no timber nearer than the grove in which we were lying—the copse excepted—and to have reached this would have been to enter the camp itself.

We appeared to have advanced to the utmost limit possible that afforded cover. A few feet further would have carried us outside the margin of the timber; and then we should have been as conspicuous to the denizens of the camp, as they now were to us. Forward we did not stir—not a step further.

I was puzzled and perplexed. Once more I turned my eyes upon the sky, but I drew not



ENTERING THE INDIAN CAMP UNDER COVER.

One had not yet spoken—one upon whose advice I placed a higher value than upon the combined wisdom of all the others. I had not yet taken the opinion of the earless trapper.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

RUBE CONSULTING HIS ORACLE.

He was standing apart from the rest—leaning, I should rather say, for his body was not erect, but diagonal. In this attitude it was propped by his rifle, the butt of which was steadied against the stump of a tree, whilst the muzzle appeared to rest upon the bridge of Rube's own nose.

As the man and the piece were about of a length, the two thus placed in juxtaposition presented the exact figure of an inverted V, and the small, clasped skull of the trapper formed a sufficiently

tapering apex to the angle. Both his hands were clasped round the barrel, near its muzzle, his fingers interlocking, while the thumbs lay one upon each side of his nose.

At first glance, it was difficult to tell whether he was gazing into the barrel of the piece, or beyond it, upon the Indian camp.

The attitude was not new to him nor to me. It was not the first time I had observed him in a posture precisely similar. I knew it was his favorite pose, when any question of unusual difficulty required all the energy of his "instincts." He was now, as often of yore, consulting his "divinity," presumed to dwell far down within the dark tub of "Tartugs."

After a time, all the others ceased to speak, and stood watching him. They knew that no step would be taken before Rube's advice had been received; and they waited with more or less patience for him to speak.

Full ten minutes passed, and still the old trapper neither stirred nor spoke. Nor lip nor muscle of him was seen to move; the eyes alone could be detected in motion, and these small orbs scintillating in their deep sockets, were the only signs of life which he showed.

Standing rigid and still, he appeared, not a statue, but a scarecrow, propped up by a stick; and the long, brown, weather-washed rifle did not belie the resemblance. Full ten minutes passed, and still he spoke not; his "oracle" had not yet yielded its response.

I have said that at the first glance it was difficult to tell whether the old man was gazing into the barrel of his gun or beyond it. After watching him closely, I saw he was doing both. Now his eyes were a little raised, as if he looked upon the plain—anon they were lowered, and evidently peering into the tube. He was drawing the data of his problem from facts—he was trusting to his divinity for the solution.

For a long time he kept up this singular process of conjuration—altering his glances in equal distribution between the hollow cylinder and the small circle of vision that covered the Indian camp.

The others began to grow impatient; all were interested in the result, and not without reason. Standing upon the limits of a life-danger, it is not strange they should feel anxiety about the issue.

The worst feature of this new scheme was the increased risk of being brought in contact with the friends of this warrior of the red hand, of being accosted by them, and of course expected to make reply. How could I avoid meeting them—one or more of them? If interrogated, how shun making answer? I knew a few words of the Comanche tongue, but not what of peril? It was not the time, nor was I in the mood, to regard danger. Anything short of the prospect of certain death had no terror for me then; and even this I should have preferred to failure.

We had along with us the horses of the captive Comanche. Stanfield had brought the animal, having left his own in exchange. My new design was to mount the Indian horse, and ride him into the camp. In this consisted the whole of my newly conceived scheme.

Still the idea was a good one—a slight alteration of my original plan. I had already undertaken to play the role of an Indian warrior, while within the camp; it would only require me to begin the personation outside the lines, and make my entry along with my *debut*. There would be more dramatic appropriateness, with a proportionate increase of danger. But I did not just this; I had no thought of meriting at the time. The travestry I had undertaken was no burlesque.

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He was a good man, and the old trapper had a taste of his quality when fretted or irritated with, and no one desired to draw upon himself the sharp "talk" of the earless trapper.

Garey at length approached, but not until Rube, with a triumphant toss of his head and a scarcely audible "weep" from his thin lips, showed signs that the consultation had ended, and that the "joss" who dwelt at the bottom of the rifle-barrel had vouchsafed an answer!

I had watched him with the rest. I liked that expressive hitch of the head; I liked the low, but momentous sibilance that terminated the scatere between him and his familiar spirit. They were signs that the knot was unravelled—that the old trapper had devised some feasible plan by which the Indian camp might be entered.

Garey and I drew near, but not to question him; we understood him too well for that. We knew that he must be left free to develop his purpose in his own time; and we left him free—simply placing ourselves by his side.

"Wal, Billee!" he said, after drawing a long breath, "an yourself, young fellur! what do 'ee both think o' this hyur bizzness? looks ugly, perhaps swifter than he, and we should only be carried back to die. Oh! that I could have taken my own steel near to the line on yonder guard—oh! that I could have hidden him there!"

It might not be; I saw that it could not be; and I was forced to abandon all thought of it.

I had well nigh made up my mind to risk all the chances of my assumed character, by mounting the Indian horse. To my comrades I imparted the idea, and asked their counsel.

All regarded it as fraught with danger; one or two advised me against it. They were those who did not understand my motives—who could not comprehend the sentiment of love which noble passion may impart. Little understood they how its emotions inspire to deeds of daring—how love absorbs all selfishness—even life becoming a secondary consideration, when weighed against the happiness or safety of its object. These rude men had never loved as I. I gave no ear to their too prudent counsels.

Others acknowledged the danger, but saw not how I could act differently. One or two had in their lives' course experienced a touch of tender feeling akin to mine. These could appreciate; and counselled me in consonance with my half-formed resolution. I liked their counsel best.

I'll be durned of them kin—that I'll be the capt'n proposes to take the Injun's boss, and ride straight into that camp."

"Straight crutin in, do'ee?"

"Or course; it'd be no use goin about the bush; they kin see him acomin from ony side."

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them. The green turf of the prairie stretched up to the very brink, and scarcely twelve inches below its level was the surface of the current. This was especially the case along the front of the encampment, and for some distance above and below.

Any one endeavoring to enter the camp by stealing up the channel, must have gone completely under the water, for even a swimmer could have been observed upon its surface; or even if a man could have approached in this way, there was no hope that a horse could be taken next; and without the horse, what prospect of ultimate escape?

It had seemed to me impossible. More than once had I taken into consideration, and at once rejected the idea.

Not so Rube. It was the very scheme he had conceived, and he now proceeded to point out its practicability.

"Now, then—see a bank, do 'ee'?"

"Tain't much o' a bank," replied Garey, rather discouragingly.

"No; 'tain't as high as Marsoora bluffs, nor the kenyons o' Snake River;—tho' nob'dern; but of 'tain't as high as it mout be; it ur every minnit a gittin' higher, I reck'n."

"Getting higher, you say?"

"Ye-es; or whut ur putty consid'able the same thing, the 'tother ur a gittin' lower."

"The water, you mean?"

"The water ur a fallin'—gwine down by inches at a jump; an in a hour from this, thur'll be bluffs afront o' the camp half a yurd high—thet's what thur'll be."

"And you think I could get into the camp by creeping under them?"

"Sure 'tow. Whet's to hinney ye? it ur easy as fallin' off a log."

"But the horse—how could I bring him near?"

"Jest the same way as yourself. I tell you the bed o' that river ur deep enuf to hide the biggest hose in creeshaun. Tur now full, for the reegeun thur's been a fresh' in konswayke o' last night's rain: 'ee needn't mind that—the hose kin wade or swim eyther, an the bank'll kiver 'im from the eyes o' the Injuns. You kin leave 'im in the river."

"In the water?"

"In coarse—yur hose'll stan' thur; an of he don't, you kin tie his nose to the bank. You kin take 'im as near as you please; but don't go too far to wind'ard, else them mustangs'll smell 'im, an then it ur all up with w'urself an' yur hose. About two hundred yards ull be yur likeliest distance. If you git the gurl clur, ye kin easy run that, I reck'n; put straight for the hose; an when you mounted, gallop like dunturn up hyur for the summer, wher we'll be cached; an then, dur'ens! of the red-akin don't git goss out o' our rifles. Wagh! that's the way to do the thing—it ur."

Certainly, the plan appeared practicable enough. The sinking of the water was a new element; it had escaped my observation, though Rube had noted it. It was this that had delayed him so long in giving his opinion; he had been watching it while leaning upon his rifle, though none of the rest of us had thought of such a thing. He remembered the heavy rain of the night before; he saw that it had caused a freshet in the little river, that its subsidence had begun; and, as in most prairie-streams, it was progressing with rapidity. His keen eye had detected a fall of several inches during the half hour we had been upon the ground. I could myself observe, now that it was pointed out to me, that the banks were higher than before.

Certainly, the plan of approaching by the stream had assumed a more feasible aspect. If the channel should prove deep enough, I might get the horse sufficiently near; the rest would have to be left to stratagem and chance.

"Yur ridin in the Injun hose," said Rube, "ud never do: it mout, on the wust punch; an of ee don't git in the 'tother way, yur kin still try it; but ye kud niver git aroost through the cavayard; 'em mustangs 'ud be sure to make sich a snortin, an whigheerin, as 'ud bring the hul campin' about ye; and some o' the sharp-eyed niggurs 'ud be sart to find out yur hide w'ur white. 'Tother way ur fur the safest—it ur."

I was not long in making up my mind. Rube's counsel at once decided me, and I resolved to act accordingly.

CHAPTER XC.

TAKING TO THE WATER.

I spent but little time in preparations; these had been made already. It remained only to tighten my saddle-girth, look to the caps of my revolvers, and place both pistols and knife in the belt behind my back; there the weapons would be concealed by the pendant robe. In a few minutes I was ready.

I still loitered awhile, to wait for the falling of the water; not long—I was too anxious to tarry long. The hour of the council might be nigh—I might be too late for the crisis. Not long did I loiter.

It was not necessary. Even by the moonlight, we could distinguish the dark line of the bank separating the grassy turf from the surface of the water. The rippling current was shining like silver-lace, and, by contrast, the dark earthy strip that ran vertically above it, could be observed more distinctly. It was sensibly broader.

I could wait no longer. I leaped into the saddle. My comrades crowded around me to say a parting word; with a wish or a prayer upon their lips, one after another pressed my hand. Some doubted of their ever seeing me again—I could tell this from the tone of their fare-taking; others were more confident. All vowed to revenge me if I fell.

Rube and Garey went with me down the hill. At the point where the stream impinged upon it, there were bushes; these continued up the declivity, and joined the timber upon the summit. Under their cover we had descended, reaching the bank just at the salient angle of the bend. A thin skirting of similar bushes ran around the base of the hill, and following the path by which we had come, the ambuscade might have moved a little nearer to the camp. But the cover was not so good as the grove upon the summit, and in case of a retreat, it would be necessary to gallop up the naked face of the slope, and thus expose our numbers. It was decided, therefore, to leave the men where they were.

From the bend to the Indian camp, the river

trended almost in a straight line, and its long reach lay before my eyes like a band of shining metal. Along its banks, the bush extended no further. A single step towards the camp would have exposed me to the view of its occupants.

At this point, therefore, it was necessary for me to take to the water; and dismounting, I made ready for the immersion.

The trappers had spoken their last words of instruction and counsel; they had both grasped my hand, giving it a significant squeeze that promised more words; but to these, too, they had given utterance.

"Don't be afraid, capt'n!" said the younger.

"Rube and I won't be far off. If we hear your pistols, we'll make a rush to 'st you, and meet you half way; and if anything should happen amiss"—here Garey spoke with emphasis—"you may depend on we'll take a bloody revenge."

"Ye-es!" echoed Rube, "we'll do just that.

"Thur' be many a sick in Targuts aften next Kriasmuss of you ur rubbed out, young fellur; that I swear to. But don't be skeerful; an your eye sharp-skinned, an your claws steady, an thur' no fear but you'll git clur. Oncest your clur o' the camp, you'll be 'reck' on us."

"Put straight for the summer, an gallop as of Ole Scratch war apprin' at the tall o' yur critter."

I waited to hear no more, but leading Moro down the bank, at a place where it sloped, I stepped gently into the current. My well-trained steed followed without hesitation, and in another instant we were both breast-deep in the flood. The water was just the depth I desired. There was a half yard of bank that rose vertically above the surface; and this was sufficient to shelter either my own head, as I stood erect, or the frontlet of my horse. Should the channel continue of uniform depth as far as the camp, the approach would be easy indeed; and, for certain hydrographic reasons, I was under the belief it would.

The plumes of the Indian bonnet rose above the level of the meadow-turf, and as the feathers—dyed of gay colors—would have formed a conspicuous object, I took off the gaudy head-dress, and carried it in my hand.

I also raised the robe of jaguar-skin over my shoulders, in order to keep it dry; and for the same reason, temporarily carried my pistols above the water-line.

The making of these slight alterations occupied only a minute or so; and as soon as they were completed, I moved forward through the water.

The very depth of the stream proved a circumstance of my favor. In wading, both horse and man make less noise in deep than in shallow water; and this was an important consideration. The night was still—too still for my wishes—and the plunging sound would have been heard afar; but fortunately there were rapids below—just where the stream forced its way through the spur of the hill—and the hissing sound of these, louder in the still night, was borne upon the air to the distance of many miles. Their noise, to my own ears, almost drowned the plashing made by Moro and myself. I had noted this point d'aravage before embarking upon the enterprise.

At the distance of two hundred yards from the bushes, I paused to look back. My purpose was to fix in my memory the direction of the hill, and more especially the point where the singer had discovered me. The night was still—too still for my wishes—and the plunging sound would have been heard afar; but fortunately there were rapids below—just where the stream forced its way through the spur of the hill—and the hissing sound of these, louder in the still night, was borne upon the air to the distance of many miles. Their noise, to my own ears, almost drowned the plashing made by Moro and myself. I had noted this point d'aravage before embarking upon the enterprise.

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GERMAN SLEEP-OSOPHY.

The Germans, it appears, lie still (when once at bed), and prefer to sleep single—or rather, if two occupy the same room, to do it in two single beds. Some curious information, as to this point, is given by the "Musical World" in the course of some reminiscences of life in Germany.

"On the third floor, two stories above His Aristocracy, the Schimmel, was my bedroom; contiguous to it, in front, being the parlor and other apartments of the family. Habitual twilight reigned in this room, from the contiguity of other buildings. But it was good to sleep in. Sleep cool and dark is the rule. The first condition I very literally complied with during many months of my early residence in Germany—for I could not keep the bed-clothes on.

"The Germans rightly call bed-clothes, bed-blots (Bett-Tucher). I once drew upon myself the almost exuding laughter of some German ladies, for literally translating, in the course of conversation, our term bed-clothes, Bett-Tucher: as though a bed could ever wear clothes like a human—the term being to them associated with no other ideas than coat and trowsers, or petticoats and pantaloons; which latter they would as soon have thought of putting upon the legs of a bed, as to talk of bed-clothes.

"Bed-blots is the word; and rightly, for they are nothing but cloths. Cut to the precise size of the narrow bed, they are laid over a close fit. Of course, when a human body is intersected between them they are much less a fit; and the proximity of the person to the air is exceedingly close and confidential. Actual contact, in fact—in my own case—being for a long time the fact of the matter.

"A certain equivalent for this is furnished in the down bed (for the opulent) which rests upon the top of the cloths, or the heavier feather-bed, for the indigent. But my feather-bed was awkward to manage. I say manage: meaning to balance. On the top of me, for instance, was a single bed-cloth, on which rested the feather-bed. Now I have the peculiarity, that I cannot lie on my back all night without stirring; nor on my stomach; nor on my side. But the moment I rashly essayed to turn over, went my feather-bed off upon the floor, dragging the 'cloth' along with it.

"And yet it can be done—by practice—this sleeping German: first, by walking about all night and getting so tired that you have no desire to stir; or otherwise maintaining a bed-balancing consciousness all the time you are sleeping, and then giving an artful squirm—the trick of which you will soon get—when you wish to turn over.

"The married people, of plain life, (with which I am chiefly conversant), sleep in two single beds, each being a 'sweet little isle' of its own—while the two are affectionately contiguous. The conubial neighbors can respectfully shake hands and wish good-night and good-morning. But the territory of each is distinct: the cloths are cut separate; each bed is complete *per se*, and there is no continuance of bolster or implied community of pillow."

A MADMAN'S TRICK.

Dr. Forbes Winslow is eminent in England for his skillful treatment of the insane. His principle is, to treat the victim of mental derangement as if he were sane, to accustom him to the ideas of self-government and responsibility, and to lead the vagrant fancy back to health by the track of habit. Unless the sufferer's malady be dangerous to others, he is accustomed to mix freely with society, to hear the topics of the world without, discussed at the dinner-table, to share with the sane in the evening recreations of the ball-room or the billiard-table, and at times to take his country "cursion on parole," totally unaware of the necessary surveillance to which he is subjected. Under regulations which never allow his infirmity to be suggested, it is rarely betrayed, and the chief sign of the disorder, if apparent, will probably be the extreme calculation designed to mask it.

A humorous instance of this calculation was witnessed by the present writer during a visit to a private asylum. The physician of the establishment received a few friends at dinner, and patients, as usual, mingled with the guests.

In the course of the dessert a curious one was introduced, to the merits of which more than one connoisseur bore emphatic testimony. The reader's humble servant, influenced by these encomiums, filled his glass, but before to raise it to his lips, as his immediate neighbor, a clergyman, was at the moment enforcing some theological view with great earnestness of voice and gesture. After a pause, the layman's verdict on the wine was demanded, when, to his surprise, an empty glass stood before him. It was replenished, but with a similar result. The baffled guest filled a third time, and watched his glass narrowly. The controversial divine, by his side continued his argument, and pointed upward, as he had done before, with an expressive finger. This time, however, the eye of his companion only glistened to follow the digital indication, and he observed a speaker, apparently in the warmth of his exposition, interpose his arm before the wine-glass, sweep it from its place, turn suddenly and drain it. This being done, the empty vessel was restored by a like action of the arm to its original position. It was now the guest's turn to indulge in a pantomime with his host, by the recurrence of the joke was quietly ended. It transpired afterwards that the medical patient had been enjoined to confine himself to one glass of wine, and that, while abstaining from re-filling his own glass, he had ingeniously evaded the regulation.

A lady up town cleared her house of by putting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, when he went out of the house he carried off with him.

"Never carry a sword in your tongue to the reputation of any man.

There are reproaches which give praise, which reproaches.

What would I give to call my mother to earth for one day, to ask her pardon, for all those acts by which I her gentle spirit pain!—*Ches. Lamb.*

Any one may do a cast act of good, but a continuation of them shows it is of the temperament.

A MODEL BANDIT.

The Parisians quote various whimsicalities of a certain Lord H——, an English nobleman now dead, who figured for a long time in the saloons of Paris, as one of the most honorable representatives of English eccentricity. Travelling once in Italy, at a date when the banditti—who, whatever skeptics may say, have never entirely disappeared—were full in activity, Lord H—— ventured one day alone in a postchaise upon a road of very bad repute, not having even his body-servant, whom he had sent elsewhere on an errand. He did not know that the soldiery were at this time on a vigorous hunt through that region, and was none the less tranquil for his ignorance; when suddenly there sprang towards the carriage, from a thicket, a man whose picturesque dress but too clearly indicated his profession. Lord H—— took a pistol and a cool aim at the brigand, who shouted:

"Mercy! I was not attacking you; I surrendered. I am pursued. Save me!"

The galloping of horses was heard at no great distance. The nobleman thought quite *piquant* that a bandit should solicit a traveller's protection on the highway; the confidence touched him; the simplicity amused him.

COTTON FROM ALGERIA.—Some samples of cotton have recently been forwarded to England from Algeria, and it has been pronounced a fair quality of Sea Island, valued at 10s to 12s per lb. Some inferior samples were valued at 7s per lb. The samples were sent to Manchester, with a view of introducing English labor to go out to Algeria and work the cotton lands.

HEREDITARY INEBRIETY.—Dr. Freeman, of New York, says that almost one-quarter of the children under ten years of age in that city die of hereditary inebriety. He advocates the erection of an asylum for the irates, and says that eighty per cent of cases can be cured by such an institution. This is asserted on the strength of experiments and investigations made by Dr. F., and the testimony of other distinguished physicians.

THE LIVELY WEST?—There were arrested in Chicago, during the past two and a half months *two thousand four hundred and eighty persons*.

LIGHTNING IN OHIO.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer says: "The lightning of last week was alarmingly destructive to human life. Some fifteen deaths have resulted in Ohio alone."

SO "SO."—The soldiers appeared.

"Have you seen a man running this way—a bandit we are after?" they asked.

The traveller made a sign in the negative; the position—always on good terms with banditti, and often their accomplice—was careful not to betray the secret, so the pursuers went on.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF NEW YORK.—The aggregate of criminal deaths in New York City for the first six years, is as follows: Between 1794 and 1816, thirty-one years, 56; number sentenced since 1816, forty-one years, 43; number pardoned or not hanged, (exclusive of Colts, who killed himself), for same period, 48; number convicted of murder from 1794 to 1815, 10; number convicted of suicide from 1815, 36.

This proposition, which would have made an ordinary traveller jump, was favorably received by the eccentric Englishman.

"I should like to do so," he answered; "you interest me."

"Thanks, my lord. It is agreed, then? You will take me for your servant?"

"No, I have one; and really I don't very well know what place to give you. I have but one vacancy; I have just discharged my steward."

"Why?"

"He robbed me."

"The wretch!"

That word, pronounced by that man, pleased the noble lord. He left Italy with his new retainer, who established himself entirely in the master's good graces. It was such an irresistible oddity to give a bandit a place of trust. The rich Englishman thought it extremely original to give the keys of his cash and the care of his money matters to a man who had been used to stripping travellers on the highways; but, what is more extraordinary, he never had occasion to repeat it; for the ex-bandit, wrought to enthusiasm by so prodigious a mark of confidence, persisted in the good resolutions which the Englishman had judged to be sincere. From continuing his former trade in the propitious situation of steward, he became a model of probity, disinterestedness, delicacy, and his noble master's fortune prospered in his loyal care.

A CANDID BANKRUPT.—At a recent examination of a bankrupt, it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts.

"I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers—what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them," was the frank reply.

"Your son is a clever young man," said a University tutor to an inquiring father; "indeed, he is a very clever young man, but—" and here came an ominous shake of the head—"he is by no means a clever young man."

THE NEW MAGAZINE.—The Brooklyn Board of Aldermen have, by a vote of 31 to 1 expelled one of their number, Mr. Preston, for having as a member of the Board of Health, received a bribe of two hundred and fifty dollars, given to influence him in his official duties.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.—To be issued at Boston in October, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., is, says the Boston Journal, "to be altogether original, and to aim at the highest literary and artistic merit." The proprietors have engaged the services of a few persons to contribute to the magazine, and have secured for its pages, and an account of its publication, by a prominent publisher in England to secure the services of the best of the English Bitterns. The magazine will be sold at a high price, and made available for their lives, the whole establishment being instantly in a light blaze. Had it not been for their extraordinary exertions, the building would have been saved.

SPRINTU ALISM.—In the distillery of John Barnes, near Alexandria, Ohio, two individuals have lighting a candle were drinking whiskey, when the steam from a gutter of hot liquor coming in contact with the light, communicated fire to the flowing contents. The sapient fellows undertook to put it out by pouring a barrel of cold whiskey on the fire in great haste, with of course flamed up gloriously, and made themselves for their lives, the whole establishment being instantly in a light blaze. Had it not been for their extraordinary exertions, the building would have been saved.

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DEATH OF THE "MAID OF SAMARAGOZA."—The Madrid journals of the 29th ult., announce the death at Cuenca of Augustina Zaragoza, who, when very young, distinguished herself greatly in the memorable siege of Zaragoza, by assisting the artillerymen in the thickest of the fight, in the name of the Queen. For her services on this occasion she was made a sub-lieutenant of infantry in the Spanish army, and received several decorations. She was buried at Cuenca with all the honors due to her memory.

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ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-fish, new wonder superior to Amygdoris, taken by Cook only, owner of Fish and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO YOUR NEIGHBORS.—A retired clergyman restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, it appears to make known the means by which he has been enabled to do this.

DEATH OF THE "MAID OF SAMARAGOZA."—The Madrid journals of the 29th ult., announce the death at Cuenca of Augustina Zaragoza, who, when very young, distinguished herself greatly in the memorable siege of Zaragoza, by assisting the artillerymen in the thickest of the fight, in the name of the Queen. For her services on this occasion she was made a sub-lieutenant of infantry in the Spanish army, and received several decorations. She was buried at Cuenca with all the honors due to her memory.

W. M. E. T. & CO.—The New York Tribune says: "A CANDID BANKRUPT."—At a recent examination of a bankrupt, it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts.

"I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers—what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them," was the frank reply.

"Your son is a clever young man," said a University tutor to an inquiring father; "indeed, he is a very clever young man, but—" and here came an ominous shake of the head—"he is by no means a clever young man."

THE NEW MAGAZINE.—To be issued at Boston in October, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., is

